

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1909.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,340

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

If Dr. Cook had a merry Christmas, he did more than most human beings would be capable of.

In spite of the unfavorable conditions due to the labor tie-up, Barre merchants report a fairly good Christmas trade.

The new paper to be published by American suffragettes and called "The Wireless," promises to be a real live wire.

Montgomery Center, Vt., had a \$100,000 factory fire Saturday. It wouldn't take many such to wipe out the little village.

THE WATERBURY ASYLUM FIRE.

To call an extra session of the Vermont legislature to appropriate money for repairing the fire damage at the state insane asylum would be imposing a needless expense upon the state, as it seems at the present time. While it is desirable that the burned portion be repaired at once, it should be possible to complete the work without the necessity of calling the legislature together to vote the money. The cost of assembling the legislature at Montpelier for the simple act of appropriating an amount for this work would be out of all proportion to the importance of the demand; as one trustee says, it would cost the state one-quarter of the amount asked to call the legislature together in special session at this time. Undoubtedly, other ways will be found to meet the expense of reconstruction, temporarily, at least; and, if the occasion requires, the amount can be appropriated at the regular session of the legislature, which will convene within ten months to transact the routine business of the state.

That the fire of Friday afternoon was not attended with any loss of life is extremely fortunate, and the satisfactory result in that respect was due to the fact that the fire broke out in the daytime and to the fact that the discipline of the institution asserted itself in the emergency and enabled the officials and attendants to get their charges out of the immediately endangered portion of the building and into more remote parts of the asylum. Had the flames broken out in the middle of the night, the results might have been far different, in spite of the best efforts of Supt. Grout and his assistants, and, in fact, of any corps of officials under any like conditions. But that is merely a supposition. The actual case tried the institution's system and found it not wanting; for that the people of the state feel satisfaction. They also feel grateful to the private fire fighters of the asylum and, especially, to those of Waterbury village for performing valiantly and subduing the fire before it had swept more than one of the entire handsome set of buildings, which have been erected at great cost.

CURRENT COMMENT

Vermont's Small Slice.

Figures show that the annual summer business of New England represents many more million dollars than the output of the country's silver mines. Vermont gets a relatively small slice, to what she deserves.—Randolph Herald and News.

All Not Gold in Barre.

All is not gold that glitters even in the granite business. While fortunes have been made and are being made, there are others to whom success is a minus quantity. A Barre quarryman has just gone bankrupt with liabilities of \$9,122.31 and assets \$4,375. May be there is a reason.—Swanton Courier.

A Case for the Reformer.

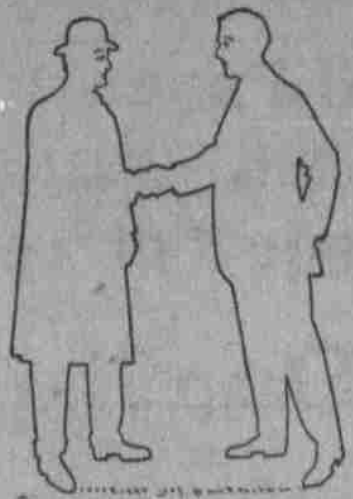
A Tribune subscriber on Twenty-Mile stream, in sending his renewal, decorates the back of his expiration notice slip with the picture of a tree under which appear the words:

"For thee I pine.
For thee I bail-am."

This is strictly a case for treatment by the editor of the Brattleboro Reformer, who takes the Tribune and the Barre Times to task for indulgence in puns.—Ludlow Tribune.

"What Will You Do About It?"

Apocryph of the recent liquor raid in Ludlow, which fizzled out for lack of "evidence," the Tribune has received a communication which is unsigned, but which purports to come from one who feels the effects of the abominable traffic in liquor. The writer goes on to say that not half enough was said in regard to the raid; that there are other places in town where liquor is being sold; that the stuff is hidden anywhere, from the stable to the mattress on the bed; that men in our community are depriving their families of necessary means and throwing their money away on these miserable traffickers; that the wives of these men are afraid to say a word, because it would make trouble for them. Then comes the question: "Isn't it a pity that the law does not take hold of this matter and get such



We only attempt to give a brief outline in our newspaper advertisement of our elaborate stock of Suits and Overcoats because the busy man has no time to read long descriptions of clothing.

For young men seven different styles of Suits and forty different patterns.

For older men five distinct styles and an indefinite variety of designs.

In Overcoats our stock includes samples of all the new shapes, styles and patterns of the season.

\$5.00 to \$35.00

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.



The big store with little prices.

174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

men behind prison bars for a few years for repentance."

The letter in question lacks definite signature, but it is evidently the outcome of some undesirable experience. The trouble with much of the talk that one can hear floating about in this and other "no towns" is that it lacks that definiteness which officials of the law must have for effective action as against violators. If the man or woman who has absolute knowledge of these violations will say so in the proper presence, and stand by what is said, these clandestine dealers in the stuff that causes an individual and a community can be taken care of.—Ludlow Tribune.

Not Legislature's Fault.

"Vermont newspapers protest against the handling of a proviso that the state constitution may be amended only once in ten years, and after favorable action by two legislatures. That is no more obstructive than a law which confines power to commute sentence of death to the legislature, a body holding biennial sessions. In their passion for conservatism, the Vermont solons bend backward."—Boston Record.

The Messenger believes it has already been explained to the contemporary that this latter provision is also constitutional, or based upon a construction of the constitution, and cannot be changed by the lawmakers. Both these ancient features of the organic law are to-day very generally out of favor in this state, and it is very probable that steps for their amendment will be taken as soon as the "timeclock" clause of the constitution will permit such action.

The Vermont legislature has sins enough to answer for, without being charged with this fault.—St. Albans Messenger.

Hunters and Accidents.

The statement by one Vermont newspaper that there were forty thousand hunters in that state during the open season of the present year, may have been intended as a mere figure of speech, or it may have been an exaggeration, for it is hardly to be assumed that there was actually an army of hunters ranging the woods and fields of the Green Mountain state, which surpassed in number all the men which that state furnished for the Civil war. It is true, however, that hunters were exceedingly numerous in Vermont, and it is also true that at least one Vermont hunter deliberately came to a town in Crafon county, and for his license as a hunter from outside the state of New Hampshire, patiently bided his time during the open season for deer, shot one, and returned to his Vermont home well contented.

The reason he gave for his rather unusual course was that he did not dare to hunt for a deer in his own neighborhood because of the number of men who were out with firearms, bent upon killing something or other. It is not yet shown that Vermont had more fatal hunting accidents than other New England states, and its record may not have been greater than that of New Hampshire, although this state was on the whole rather fortunate. The strict regulations provided by the last legislature appear to have counted for something. But in New England as a whole, with the maritime provinces included, the record of fatalities is very bad, and it is already known that of the men who went in pursuit of big game thirty-four were killed outright. It is an impressive record, but it still remains to be seen what can be done about it.—Manchester, N. H., Union.

Holding Boys to Farm.

Agricultural education has made decided progress in this state since a few years ago, when The Gazette and Courier was one of the earliest newspapers in this vicinity to urge the taking up of this work in country schools. No doubt it would have gone ahead much faster had it not been for the unfortunate division of authority between the industrial education commission and the state board of education. Now our educational control is united in one board, and the movement in favor of agricultural and other industrial school work is a fore-most theme among educators. The Smith agricultural school is prosperous in its second year, with 101 students, the majority taking trade courses, as would be expected in a state like Northampton.

"Useful Gifts"



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For the Boy or Girl, Young Man or Maiden a suitable and useful gift is a Bank Book with a deposit of \$1.00 or more and the use of a Home Savings Bank.

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JINGLES AND JESTS

Resolutions.

'Tis not the time to criticize
Your struggling fellow man.
Just pass him by with the remark,
"He does the best he can."
Of resolutions you will see
Ere long a grand outburst;
So wait for what he has to say
On January first.

When shops display their Christmas wares
And joyous greetings rise,
'Tis vain to counsel prudence or
Exclaim, "Economize."
The rapid rate at which he goes
Ere long must be reverse;
He'll speak with wisdom most profound
On January first.
—Washington Star.

Cupid's Blindness.

If Cupid held a grain of sense
He'd surely try to find out whether
His income would match her expense
Before he lies two souls together.
—Boston Herald.

One on the Boss.

Boy—A man came in and said he wanted to squeeze some money out of you?
Boss—What did you tell him?
Boy—I said I was sorry you were not in.—Judge.

Footballwocky.

'Twas killing and the muddled cove
Did jab and jiber on the grid;
All glory went the foot ball groves,
And that halfback, the kid.

Beware the Shugawock, my son,
The forward pass, the oft-jarred spine;
Beware the Tacklebub, and run
For good old Umptymy.

He took the foot ball in his hand,
Long time another's life he sought;
And then he rested (couldn't stand)
Till ambulance was brought.

And handaged up in bed he rooks,
And Shugawock right from the game
Came lumbering in with fresher knocks,
And left him still more lame.

"Hee-roo, hee-roo," the whistle blew,
The rooters kept up their clack,
But March hares danced their clack
Through.

And dealt him back on back.
And last thou slain the Shugawock?
Come to my arms, my squeamish boy.
"Kazoo, kazoo," the rooters Bray
In seasonable joy.
—Denver Republican.

Rapid Transit.

In response to a growing demand in his home a certain author once went to his father's house, borrowed the family high chair and started taking it home by hand. He had to wait long for his car, and when it finally came its conductor was a humorist.
"Aren't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured.
"Yes," admitted Webster wearily.
"I grew up while waiting for the car."
—Success Magazine.

Exclusive.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the haughty lady.
"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Cumrox, with interest. "Mine didn't. None of my family ever cared for those big excursions."—Washington Star.

GRAND ROUNDS.

By ROCKFORD KING.
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Dixon Tarr at twenty-five had been collegian, explorer, prospector and miner. He had taken all sorts of risks and had not manifested the best of judgment. But who expects caution and daring in the same man, especially when passing out of his teens into his twenties? In one of his explorations into the southwesternmost part of the North American continent in trying to befriend the remnant of a tribe of Indians he had incurred their displeasure. He had picked up a valuable mine in their country, which he determined to work. Tarr was a man who when he set his heart on doing a thing no one could frighten him out of it, and he worked his mine, though the whole tribe had sworn to kill him. Then when he had proved its value he went north and married a wife.

Mrs. Tarr insisted on returning with him. To dissuade her he told her that the danger was too great to be incurred by a woman. He yielded and took her with him.

Tarr's mine was encircled by a stockade provided with watchtowers and properly loopholed, in each of which a sentry was kept day and night, while the guard remained below.

Mrs. Tarr was the only one in the enclosure who was keenly alive to danger. She soon noticed that the guard had fallen into indolence through inaction, and a failure of their enemies to show themselves had induced a feeling of security. She pointed out these things to her husband, but he was fascinated with his mine, which was showing remarkable results, and she found it difficult to secure his attention long enough to produce any reformation. He assured her that the Indians, who were degenerated from the valor of their forefathers, would not think of attacking white men provided with modern arms and protected behind a stockade.

But Mrs. Tarr was by no means satisfied. She constituted herself an officer of each and every day and night and went "grand rounds" frequently. The guard complained that a timid woman should be in their midst who interfered with a sentry taking cat naps on post; that she was so fearful of the imminent threat of a race far below the grangers as to worry herself and all the rest into an abnormal condition of fear. Some of these remarks she overheard, but they had no effect to make her relax discipline.

One night a sentry heard a slight stirring among the loose rocks surrounding the stockade—it was built in a rocky canyon—but, concluding that the intruder was some animal, he paid no attention to it. Presently he smelled a singular odor. Then he became drowsy. Other sentinels on his side of the stockade smelled the same odor and also fell asleep. They had not experienced the odor before and presumed it to be from some alrump they had never encountered.

Just before daylight Tarr, sleeping soundly, was awakened by a shot. He started up and put out his hand to assure himself that his wife was safe beside him. She was not there. Springing out of bed, he jumped into his boots and trousers, but had got on neither when he heard a number of scattered reports. He rushed out to find Indians jumping over one side of the stockade and down into the enclosure. A few of the guard were pointing their rifles to receive them, and the balance were snatching theirs. From one of the towers came a rapid fire, which did the principal damage that was done the assaults.

It was all over in a few minutes. Not more than a dozen Indians got into the stockade, and they were shot down at once. The guard mounted the parapet to see a black mass of Indians ready to follow up the advantage that had been derived by their skirmishers. They were too late. The whites poured a volley into them, and, seeing the stockade manned, they disappeared in the gloom.

"My wife! My wife! Where's my wife?"
The cry came from Tarr. The question was not answered. The frightened husband sent men everywhere within the limited enclosure to seek her without avail.

"My God, she has been carried off! There has been treachery. They came to take her from me, knowing that it would be a worse revenge than my murder."

"Here she is!" shouted a man who had climbed to a sentry box.
Tarr climbed the steps to see his wife lying in a dead faint. A few minutes before she had gone the grand rounds to find three sentries on one side of the stockade asleep, a smell of chloroform—the person who supplied it and taught the Indians its use was never found—and from one of the towers could distinguish Indian skirmishers within a hundred feet of the stockade. She fired a signal shot, killed a number of the first enemies to enter the fort and then when the fight was over collapsed.

It was plain that the life of every man in the enclosure had been saved by a woman, and that woman had been mathematized by every member of the guard. Had she not arrived on the scene in the very nick of time the advance of the Indians would have overpowered the guard and not a white person would have escaped. Mrs. Tarr was presented by those who had saved with a handsome jeweled sword appropriately inscribed. She had earned the right to take her husband back with her, and this in a very short time she did.

Genius.

"Why is it," said a writer in Fillegende Blatter, "that when a man discovers that he is a genius he allows his hair to grow long and that when a woman becomes similarly conscious she has her hair cut short?"

Mark Down Sale on Holiday Goods

It will pay you to come to this store this week and see the pretty things marked down to close out.

Gloves, Neckwear, Belts, Combs, Fancy Pins, Plain and Fancy Handkerchiefs, Hand Bags, Aprons, Shirt Waists, Sweaters, Neck Mufflers, Stationery and many other goods to be sold less than cost.

All Handkerchiefs that were used for trimming will be sold at 19c a dozen or 2c each.

The Vaughan Store

AN INSPIRING TRIBUTE.

Touching Scene That Occurred in the House of Representatives.

From a volume by Hon. A. E. Stevenson. "Something of Men I Have Known," is taken this account of an incident which deserves a place in memory.

A touching scene occurred in the house of representatives a number of years ago when an aged member from New Jersey arose and for the first time addressed the speaker. All eyes were turned in his direction as he stood calmly awaiting recognition. He was tall, spare and erect. His venerable appearance and kindly expression, coupled with most courteous manners, at once commanded attention. As in husky tones he again said "Mr. Speaker" there came from the farthest end of the great hall in a whisper, but distinctly heard by all the words, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." A moment later and from the floor and gallery many voices blended in the familiar refrain, "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

The ovation which immediately followed was such as is rarely witnessed in the great hall. Business was suspended for the moment and the hand of the new member warmly grasped by the chosen representatives of all parties and sections. It was an inspiring tribute, one worthily bestowed. The member was Thomas, Dunn English, author of the little poem, sung in palace and cottage, which has found its way into all languages and touched all hearts.

Depressed.

"I am afraid Higgins has met with reverse."
"What makes you think so?"
"He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."—Exchange.

There are more than 600 proverbs in the English language which relate to dogs.

EATING AN APPLE.

What You Take Into Your System With the Fruit.

"Do you know what you're eating?" said the doctor to the girl.
"An apple, of course."
"You are eating," said the doctor, "albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber, water and phosphorus."
"I hope those things are good. They sound alarming."

"Nothing could be better. You ate, I observed, rather too much meat at dinner. The malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep you young. Apples are good for your complexion. Their acids drive out the noxious matters which cause skin eruptions. They are good for your brain, which those same noxious matters if retained render sluggish. Moreover, the acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion. The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger percentage than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. Oh, the ancients were not wrong when they esteemed the apple the food of the gods—the magic renewer of youth to which the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble. I think I'll have an apple," concluded the doctor.—New York Tribune.

The Harder Part.

"It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," quoted the wise guy.
"Yes, it's hard to find the new tricks," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Well Bred.

Gentlemen—That looks a well bred dog. Owner—I should think he was well bred. Why, he won't have a bit of dinner till he's got his collar on!—Punch.

There are about 26,800 worms to an acre of cultivable land.

To Our Many Customers and Friends We Wish a Happy and Prosperous New Year

We also take this opportunity to thank them for helping us to make the past year the most prosperous one we have ever had.

We would also ask your co-operation in the year to come, and if good work and good goods at living prices will bring us your help, we are sure to have it.

Again We Thank You

A. W. BADGER & CO., MORSE BLOCK, Barre, Vt.

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